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Providence Independent

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PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS—NEUTRAL IN NOTHING.

VOL. 5.

TRAPPE, PA.,

THURSDAY,

MAY 27,

1880.

WHOLE NUMBER, 259.

THY MOTHER.

Lead thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline,
Once her arm was thy support
Now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face
Those deep lines of care;
Think it was her toil for thee
That left that record there.

Never forget that tireless watch
Kept by day and night;
Taking from her sleep the grace
From her eye the light,
Cherish well the faithful heart
Which through weary years
Eched with its sympathy,
Smiles and tender tears.

Cherish then thy mother's love,
Guard the priceless boon;
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon,
When thy grateful tenderness
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than thy mother's grave.

SPEAK NO EVIL OF YOUR NEIGHBOR.

BY JANE CAVANAGH.

Speak no evil of your neighbor,
Let no words of cruel blame
Cause your neighbor's cheek to mantle
With the burning blush of shame.
Can you do a Christian's duty
While you blight your neighbor's fame?

Do not judge him very harshly,
Though his ways may erring be;
He may carry heavy burdens
That perhaps you do not see;
Many a heart bears secret sorrow,
Though its pain may hidden be.

You perhaps have never wandered
From the path of right away,
Nor have met those temptations
That have led his feet astray;
You perhaps are safely sheltered
From the danger in his way.

Then, if so, how can you judge him.
In your strength his weakness blame?
Had you met the same temptations
You perhaps would feel his shame.
Speak no evil word of slander
That may blight your neighbor's name.

Life is full enough of sorrow,
Every heart its anguish knows;
Would you add the sting of slander
To a fellow being's woes?
Slander with its sting so deadly
Sometimes deals such cruel blows.

Rather try to cheer and help him:
In his fight with adverse fate
Kindly words from you may save him—
Speak them ere it be too late.
Lest you some remorse may suffer
In your pity for his fate.

THE GIPSY'S WARNING

The little village of San Pablo, which lies three leagues distant from Madrid, was once the residence of many proud and opulent families who have long since passed away from earth. Among mulenteers, shepherds and water-carriers, one would hardly look for old Spanish grandees, and San Pablo is now only populated by an ignoble race.

At the period of which we write there lived in San Pablo one, Count Rodrigo de Bivas, who claimed to be descended from that Bivas who was called the thunderbolt of Spain, on account of his military exploits.

The count was in the 33d year of his age, had been educated abroad, and only returned to his country at the death of his father, who bequeathed to him vast estates in the southern part of Spain, which made him one of the wealthiest nobles in the kingdom. He was tall, well formed, with a pleasing countenance, with which was blended great resolution. It was said of him that he was never known to evince the least trepidation under any circumstances that ever occurred. Just as he was quitting Germany for his home, he chanced to meet Senor Ruiz, who was abroad with his family, and he almost instantly became enamored with his beautiful daughter Julia. For months the count had impatiently awaited the return of Senor Ruiz to Spain, and at length he heard of the arrival of the lonely girl whose image was so indelibly impressed on his heart.

The sun was shining cheerily, and the birds were singing blithely along the roadside, as the count rode forward to Madrid on his trusty mule, richly adorned with silver trappings. As he came to a turn in the road there stalked out of a clump of bushes the figure of a woman in strange attire. Her dress was so fantastic that he reined up his mule suddenly, and gazed at her in surprise. Her face was swarthy, and upon her head she wore a yellow and red turban, while her skirt which was green and short, was rent in many places. She displayed a pair of bright blue stockings, and her feet were encased in red morocco slippers.

'Upon my word!' ejaculated the count, 'this is certainly a strange being.'

Before, however, he could reflect further, the woman approached him, and craved permission to tell his fortune.

'A gipsy!' he cried.

'Let me see your hand,' said the woman, without appearing to notice his remark.

The count regarded her attentively and then laughed.

'Nay, nay, my woman, I am no believer in these matters; but you, like your race, are poor, I suppose; therefore, take this,' and he tossed her a peso, which she quickly picked out of

the dust. Turning to him she said: 'But I would see the palm of your hand, noble sir.'

'There it is then,' replied the count, as he ungloved his hand and extended it toward the gipsy. The dark-eyed hag gazed intently at the count's hand for some minutes, then looked up in his face, and laughing, said: 'Tis ever the same with handsome and gay men. Love, love, always love. I will tell you that you cannot believe, but I warn you, beware of the Raven,' and before the count could question she darted among the trees, and he saw her tattered finery disappear in the forest.

'Beware of the raven,' quoth the count. 'What raven? What can the creature mean? Ah! it is one of their tricks; it has no significance at all,' and pricked his mule with one spur and rode forward humming a ballad, all the while thinking of the beautiful Julia.

The sun was sinking behind the horizon as he gained the suburbs of the city. Suddenly his mule made a plunge, and losing her footing came to the ground with her rider.

'A bad omen,' muttered the count as he rose unhurt and gazed at the mule, which was almost instantly on her feet again. She had always been a remarkably sure-footed beast, and the count, who was not without a certain tinge of superstition, appeared uncertain whether to proceed or retrace his way. As he stood dangling his bridle in his hand, his eyes caught sight of an old public house by the wayside.

'We'll tarry here for the night,' he said, and leading the animal, he walked towards the building.

The house in question was of large dimensions, the windows few and small, and were set deep within the thickness of the wall. Immediately over the portal hung a weather-beaten sign, announcing the house as the Raven Inn. For an instant the count hesitated, as the gipsy's warning came to his mind; but the feeling passed off instantly, and pulling the bell, he awaited the opening of the heavy court-yard doors. The count was tired and required rest, and as he was determined not to enter the city that night, one place was as good as another to tarry in. Had he known the reputation of the Raven he doubtless would have sought other lodgings. So long had he been absent from his country, that many local events had transpired of which he knew nothing and one of the most noted occurrences had been the trial of Antonio Hernandez (the proprietor of the Raven) for murder, and his acquittal of the same. But, notwithstanding Hernandez saved his life through the exertions of his advocate, his character was entirely lost, and the business of this house almost destroyed, for few people believed in his innocence, and mothers pointed him out to their children as a murderer. Years before it appeared that a rich guest was murdered in his bed, and the landlord was suspected and arrested. The circumstances made a great stir, for the murdered man was well connected and widely known. Every one who valued his reputation shunned the society of Hernandez, and his house at last became the resort of contrabandists from the frontier and the low characters who infested the city.

Impatient at the long delay in answering the summons the count jerked the bell-rope vigorously, and at length the host, followed by a pale girl (the only domestic in the house), showed themselves.

With many profound bows and apologies for the delay, Hernandez took the mule to the stable, while the count followed the girl, whose name was Isabella, to the interior of the place. There was something so gentle and interesting about the girl that the count found himself gazing after her wherever she went. He fancied there was a sadness in her face, and her large eyes sought his as if she would have spoken to him. But the appearance of Antonio Hernandez put a stop to the effort that Isabella was meditating in the nobleman's behalf, for the landlord never for an instant left the girl alone in the count's presence. Once or twice, when the count yawned as if he were tired, Isabella turned her eyes mournfully upon him as if to beseech him not to retire to bed. The count noticed the look, but could not interpret its significance, and during the evening he saw her no more, a feeling of weariness at length overcoming him, the count arose from his seat in the quaint old parlor and signified his intention of seeing his room. Hernandez at once secured a lamp and escorted the count up stairs, ushered him into a large ghostly cham-

ber, in which every article in the cumbersome furniture was deepened by age to funeral blackness. Two large mirrors adorned the walls, and by their reflection seemed to stretch out the dimensions of the dreary apartment to a boundless extent.

This was the room in which the terrible murder had been committed, and it was never occupied; save when some dark deed was to be done. The landlord placed the lamp upon the table, and wishing his guest good-night, went out and shut the door. The count turned the key, and then by the dim light of the lamp surveyed the apartment. It was so gloomy that he turned and walked to the window, supposing that it looked on the street. He was disappointed to find that it opened on a small neglected yard, filled with coarse vegetation and some mouldering timber.

The moon was partially obscured by clouds, but ever and anon threw a flickering light upon the desolate scene. A vague presentiment of evil stole over the count, and his mind became gloomy. 'Beware of the Raven.' The words of the sibyl kept recurring to his memory. Could the warning of the witch have been prophetic? The count would have left the room but for a certain sense of shame the act would engender.

'Pshaw!' he cried, and leaned out the window to snuff the air.

As he did so his ears caught the sound of a suppressed hiss. He listened attentively, and it came again. Casting his eyes through the darkness, he endeavored to discover from whence the noise proceeded, but he could see nothing, and it was only when he raised his eyes upward toward a small window directly over his head that he discovered the figure of Isabella by the struggling light of the moon.

She was gesticulating towards him, but the moon was so frequently hidden behind dark clouds that he could not for some time guess her import. Suddenly the great orb came out into the clear sky, and the count could see the girl plainly. She was two stories above him, and he could not hear her words distinctly, for she spoke in such a low voice, and, after she had warned him, she quickly disappeared.

'For the love of the Virgin, do not go to bed, senor,' she said. 'Antonio Hernandez is my uncle, but he is a bad man, and if you go to sleep, senor you may never see the light of the world again. Don't betray me, for my uncle would kill me if he knew I had spoken these words. Adieu!'

The count felt beneath his girdle an instinctively laid his hand upon the hilt of his dagger. Then he walked to his chamber door, turned the key and unlocked it, intending to look out into the corridor, but to his surprise, he found it was fastened upon the outside—and he was a prisoner. He tried to force it open, but it resisted all his efforts. He sat down, and leaning his head upon his hand, began to meditate. As he did so the oil in the lamp became exhausted and the light went out. He left a strong conviction that some unseen danger hovered near, and that which was suspicion became a certainty. Nothing remained now but to await the attack, and sell his life as dearly as possible. The thoughts of the beautiful Julia often occurred to his mind. It was to see her again that he became involved in his present condition. He thought, too, of the gipsy, and wondered what order of being she was to forecast the peril that should befall him.

The clouds began to break away from the face of the heavens and the count was enabled to see more clearly about the chamber. He heard the clocks in city toll the hour of midnight but all desire for sleep had left him, and he was very vigilant.

Approaching the bed, he pulled down one of the pillows and disarranged the covering, throwing it in a sort of a heap, as if a person was reposing there. Then he walked over the room and stood with his back to the wall, watching the chamber door, screened from the immediate sight of those who might seek an entrance there by a tall chair which he placed before him.

While thus upon the alert, a large mirror close upon his right gave a click like the lock of a pistol, and then flew open at the touch of some person behind it. The heavy frame work of this antique ornament rested against the chair and concealed the count from view. Notwithstanding cold drops of perspiration stood upon his brow, he was perfectly calm. In the mirror upon the opposite wall the count could see the muffled figure of the landlord, with a knife in one hand and a lamp in the other, step from the wall. Cautiously he approached the bed and raised the weapon in the act

to strike, satisfied that he only had to contend with a single adversary, when the count rushed from his concealment and sprang upon his enemy, dagger in hand.

A brief but desperate struggle ensued, in which the count twice struck the landlord with his dagger; but by a dexterous movement Hernandez eluded the grasp of the infuriated nobleman, and jumping into the wall pulled the mirror after him.

For a moment the count could scarcely believe he had lost his foe, and it was only by looking at the mirror as it fitted close to the wall that he could realize that the landlord had escaped. He went to the window and called for assistance, but there were few persons abroad at that hour of the night, and the window of the room was far from the street. He went to the door and used all his efforts to force it open without success. Exhausted in the unavailing attempt, he sat down to wait the break of day. Hour after hour passed away, and at length the welcome gray dawn began to appear. Presently his ear caught the sound of a light step, and he heard a bolt fall from the outside, then the door opened and Isabella stood before him. She certainly looked beautiful as she walked into the room, clad in a simple white robe without any adornments.

'Thank you, thank you,' cried the count, 'I shall not forget the service you have done me, and if I crave a kiss, it is in token of the love which I bear for one who has been the means of preparing me to defend my life.'

Isabella bowed her head, and the count kissed her on the forehead.

'You know all that has happened?'

'Yes, senor,' she replied. 'My uncle is seriously wounded, but the contrabandists carried him off to the frontier before daybreak. Senor, now that you are safe and free to depart, will you do me the favor to conceal this matter? You have dangerously wounded my uncle, and I heard Jose, the chief of the contrabandists gang, say, that if Antonio reached Segovia alive he would be much surprised.'

The count was thoughtful for a few minutes, then he asked, 'Why my dear girl, do you desire to shield this wretch? Certainly not because he is your relation. You do not love him, for last night he said he would surely kill you if he knew you had betrayed him.'

'Listen, Senor, and I will explain,' said the girl. 'Antonio Hernandez is the only brother of my mother. When she died he took me to his home, and brought me up after his rough fashion. He used to belong to Jose's gang. If he didn't treat me with affection, neither did he beat me. Once he saved my life—perilling his life to save mine. I was at the bottom of the sea when he dived and brought me to the surface again, and the water was full of sharks, too. Great sea monsters, Senor. Certainly he must have cared something for me, or he would have allowed me to be eaten up. She looked up in his eyes with a pleading expression as she spoke, and the count drew her near him and again kissed her brow.

'For your sake I make the promise,' he replied; 'but with this condition, that your uncle never returns to Madrid.'

At that moment there was a jingle of spur in the court, and a call for Isabella. The count descended the stairway with her, with a face half concealed in a slouch hat, who called Isabella aside and spoke to her in a low and rapid tone. This done he jumped upon his mule and galloped quickly away.

The girl stood leaning against the doorway with her cheeks blanched and hands tightly clasped, while great tears rolled down her cheeks.

Divining at once the cause, the count approached and said, 'You have had bad news, I fear?'

'He died before they reached the mountains,' she replied, 'Jose sent me word. Alas! alas!' and she wept bitterly.

The count endeavored to soothe her grief, and made inquiries as to her future life.

'I am alone in the world now,' she sobbed.

'I will see that you are cared for,' he said, 'and will send a kind person to you before night. Come, cheer up; all will be well.'

That day Isabella was removed to the convent of Saint Ursula, and placed at the school under the care of the kind sisters.

Count de Bivas sought the beautiful Julia and learned that, by a dreadful accident, she had been horribly burned and disfigured, and was then lying upon a bed of sickness from which she might never rise again. The shock was so great to him that he started upon his travels once more.

Six months later he was at Andorra, on the Spanish frontier, when he came across a band of contrabandists, who were coming down from the Pyrenees. One fellow, who had a peculiar limp in his gait, caught his eye, and he thought there was something familiar in his face. The man pulled his cap over his eyes and was hastening by, when the count sprang to his side and put his hand on his shoulder.

'You are Antonio Hernandez, formerly keeper of the Raven Inn,' cried the Count de Bivas.

'And you are Count de Bivas,' was the reply.

'We won't mention the past,' said the count; 'but tell me why you sent word to that poor girl that you were dead?'

'Well, senor,' replied the rufian, 'I was tired of playing landlord where I could gather no pesos. I longed again for my old life, and I didn't want to be bothered with women. I know all you have done for the girl, senor. Little passes in the cities that Jose's gang do not get correctly. Now let us say adieu, with the hope we may never meet again,' and the rufian doffed his cap in derision, and hurried on after his companions.

A sudden change came over the count. He hurried back to Madrid, and sought the convent of St. Ursula, where he had a long interview with Isabella, and before the strange buds bloomed again in the garden of the de Bivas mansion at San Pablo, Isabella became a countess, and the happy wife of a man whose life she had been instrumental in preserving.

A SMART BOY.

A young man called on his intended, and while waiting for her to make her appearance he struck up a conversation with his intended brother-in-law. After a while the boy asked:

'Does galvanized niggers know much?'

'I really can't say,' replied the much amused man.

And then silence reigned for a few moments when the boy resumed the conversation.

'Kin you play checkers with your nose?'

'No, I have never acquired that accomplishment.'

'Well you'd better learn, you hear me?'

'Why?'

'Cause sis says you don't know as much as a galvanized nigger, but yer dad's got lots of stamps and she'll marry you anyhow; and she said when she got hold of the old man's sugar she was going to all the Fourth of July persessions and ice cream gum-sucks, and let you stay at home and play checkers with that holly hock nose of yours.'

And when Sis got her hair banged and came in, she found the parlor deserted by all save her brother, who was innocently tying the tails of two kittens together and singing:

'Oh, I love the Sunday school.'

HIS FIRST CALL.

I reached her house, and walked around it four times before I found sufficient courage to approach. By some remarkable nerve power I rang the bell, and a female apparition with an odor of boiled cabbage lingering about 'it,' appeared. 'What do yez want?' it asked. At last I conquered it, and asked if Miss Susie was at home. The apparition replied, 'Yis,—yer card.' I was sure I had one somewhere. In my haste I gave her a pawn ticket, restaurant check and a jack of clubs.

Finally, in desperation, I handed her a card, but she returned it with a grin. It: 'Gundy & Co., All wool Pants, \$1.00.'

At last I was ushered into the parlor, and sat upon the piano, a spittoon and a case of wax flowers, before I found a chair. When I did, I was so surprised that I missed it and sat upon the floor. As I was rising Susie entered. Won't you let me put your hat on the rack?' she asked, as she saw me grasping it as if it were my only friend on earth. I murmured a faint 'No,' put my hat on the sofa, and, to my consternation, sat down upon it.

For the first time I realized what an awful thing it was to be alone with a strange girl.

She said it was a nice day. I replied 'Yes.' If she had said it was thundering and lightning I would have made the same original remark. Then we became silent. I was in trouble. I chewed tobacco then, but I did not know why I did it. My mouth was gradually getting full, but I did not spit in front of Susie, who said she detested it. I began to pray for a fire so that I could spit. Meanwhile Susie got affectionate. She drew her chair closer and said: 'Will Brown kissed me at school the other day.' I grew pale. Suppose she would want to kiss me.

She would get an unexpected shower-

bath of tobacco juice. 'Do you ever kiss?' she asked. I murmured that I never did, except my mother and a venerable aunt whose age is traditional. At least I tried to say so, but I am afraid I only made a few inarticulate sounds. 'What makes you talk so funny?' she asked. I did not say.

'What makes your mouth so big?' she interrogated. 'The mumps,' I gasped, feeling as if there was going to be a flood at any moment. 'Ger-ger-wool-ger-wooi,' I remarked, meaning that I was sick and wanted to go home.

'You talk awful funny,' she said, 'and your cheeks are awful red.'

Probably Susie spoke the truth. Why didn't some of my friends die, so they would send after me?

Poor innocent Susie didn't know how I was suffering. She thought I was bashful.

'Let me feel your cheeks,' she asked. She did.

It broke the reservoir. For a second I didn't know whether Susie was drowned or not. She started back in a sort of paralysis, and—the door opened and her mother entered. I grabbed my hat; and, whether I went out by the door, or through the wall, I don't remember.

Anyhow, Susie and I are out. We don't speak. But still, it's nice to be in love, ain't it, boys?

HOW OCEANS WERE MADE.

It has been commonly assumed that the water of the ocean was originally fresh, and that it became gradually saltier as the rivers carried down to it the salts held in solution. Mr. H. N. Mosely in a recent lecture before the London Royal Institution thinks that even the primitive sea must have been highly charged with saline matters of all kinds. When the earth was still intensely heated, the whole of the water now on its surface must have been present as gas in its atmosphere, at first no doubt dissociated, but afterward an aqueous vapor. Since if the sea-bottom and contents were smoothed down to a uniform level, the sea would still suffice to cover the entire earth to a depth of over 1,000 fathoms, aqueous vapor equal to a layer of water of that thickness must have existed in the atmosphere and have produced a pressure of more than a ton on the square inch at the earth's surface. To this pressure must have been added that produced by all the other vapors with which the primitive atmosphere must have been filled.

As the earth cooled the water condensed on the coolest spots from time to time, boiled, and rose as vapor again. Mr. Mallet conjectures that the first water formed on the earth's surface may have been as hot as molten cast-iron. At last permanent seas were established. The waters of these, heated to an intensely high temperature under great pressure, must have dissolved salts in abundance from the freshly consolidated earth's crust, and being constantly in a state of ebullition as the pressure diminished at the surface with the growth of the seas, or the temperature of the earth's surface varied in different places, must have taken up vast quantities of rock matter in suspension and become thickly charged with volcanic mud. Intensely hot rain must have fallen on the land and have washed down more salts and mud into the sea. The whole ocean must have consisted of a vast mass of seething mud. It must have required a protracted period for the ocean to become clear, and for its deposit, which was perhaps somewhat like the present deep-sea red mud, to settle, and possibly the deeper water long remained uninhabitable, being overcharged with various gases and salts and suspended mud.

A household with a baby is founded on a rock.

Salt codfish should be sold under the name of dry goods.

The jewel for a frilled shirt bosom is diamond in the rough.

Noah was the first person to take the tide in the affairs of man at the flood.

A bookworm is usually a grave man who is well versed in the dead languages.

Jones being told he looked seedy, and asked what business he was in, replied: 'The hard-wear business—look at my ward-robe!'

Won't Mr. Edison fix a phonograph on everybody's front door so that it can tell a caller 'not at home' when he pulls the bell.

It is predicted that the coming season will be one of the liveliest in the history of base ball and new wings are being added to the hospitals.

Providence Independent.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY MAY 27, 1880

Subscribers who fail to receive their papers regularly will please notify us of the same.

Will the great Republican party nominate Grant and suffer him to be ignominiously defeated, or will it nominate a man who will carry off the palm of victory? If it hoists Grant upon the ticket it deserves to be whipped clean and clear out of existence. This country is not quite ready for a monarchical system of government.

The Norristown Herald says:

"Many persons who are now opposing the nomination of General Grant, will be glad to vote for him rather than see a Democrat elected."

The Herald is always true to its instincts. That paper instinctively supports the leaders of the party in whatever scheme they choose to advance regardless of the wish of the masses. It requires no lash to keep this aristocratic vehicle in the track of the corrupt manipulators of the party. Its antagonism to Democracy is well enough, but when it strives to beat back the waves of condemnation that are surging against the iniquitous Grant movement at every quarter it goes even beyond the bounds of a party organ. Cameron rules the party in Pennsylvania against the will of the people, and as Cameron goes so goes the Herald.

The Reading Railroad Company and the Phila. and Reading Iron and Coal Company have suspended. When an individual contracts debts beyond his ability to pay, bankruptcy generally follows in the train, and that is just the condition of this gigantic corporation in a nutshell. Receivers were appointed on Monday.

The Grant managers are now trying to make it appear that it will be a waste of raw material for anybody to go to Chicago and vote for Blaine. This is a very powerful argument, in its way.

A Shakeress living in the United Society of Believers at Mt. Lebanon, New York, and known as 'Aunt Dolly,' has attained the remarkable age of 104 years. She was born in Columbia county, of American parents, May 6, 1776, fifty-nine days before the Declaration of American Independence. Her parents were converted to the doctrine of Mother Ann Lee and joined her church when their child was five years old, and she has always remained an honored member of the order.

Senator Blaine has looked himself over thoroughly and resolved unanimously that a sunstroke is a poor substitute for a Presidential nomination, and that if he doesn't get one he won't have the other.—Times.

'A bull in a china shop' once upon a time smashed things so completely that he passed into an adage, but it falls to the lot of West Chester to tell of a bull in a private residence. As the widow of William Darlington was sitting with her daughters, Mrs. Jerome Gray and Mrs. L. G. McCauley, in the library of the Darlington mansion yesterday a bull which had broken away from a butcher on the street boldly entered the hall door. Mrs. Gray, in her haste to close the door, tripped and fell and was badly bruised; while the other ladies were given dangerous shocks. The bull dashed through the hall and made his way into the yard by the opposite door.

Theodore Thomas will sail from New York for Europe on Thursday in the Gallia.

Some of the Democratic County Conventions in Mississippi are in

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, '80. Politically, Washington was never so much of a National centre as to-day. We here are more fully informed than residents of any other place of what is done politically in all parts of the country. It seems to be generally believed that on the Republican side, ex-President Grant has improved his chances in the last week, and on the Democratic side, that Mr. Tilden will have at Cincinnati more votes on the first ballot than any other candidate. There is also a notable improvement of late in the spirits of the third party politicians. But while we note an improvement in the chances of General Grant, I cannot but notice that the hostility against him in his party is growing more bitter. What he had gained in other states does not repair the damage done him in New York and Pennsylvania, and the threatened split and want of unanimity in his own State, makes his nomination at Chicago doubtful. The question now is, where will his strength go? It is now conceded that Blaine and Sherman will get the bulk of it, and what they don't get Edmunds will. Washburn is virtually out of the contest even as a dark horse. The Grant men dislike him because of the damage done to them by his leaders in Illinois, and he is in reality now, turning his attention to securing the second place with Blaine or Edmunds. There is little doubt of adjournment by the 31st. The Senate will adopt the House resolution, the appropriation bills will be passed rapidly, and a few other measures, such as the bill approving the Ute agreement, and Congress will adjourn. The Republican members generally will go to Chicago, and the Democrats go to their homes. I don't think the public interests will suffer much from an early adjournment. Legislation in the midst of a very exciting Presidential campaign, like that now before us is not likely to be of the most desirable sort.

SWEPT BY FLAMES.

The Heart Of Edenburg In Ashes.

THE ENTIRE BUSINESS PORTION OF THE PLACE DESTROYED. SEVENTY HOUSES BURNED BY AN INCENDIARY FIRE. ALL THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS GONE. FOOTING UP THE LOSSES.

EMLENTON, Pa., May 23.

Again has Edenburg been swept by fire, this time to the extent of seventy buildings, embracing at once the heart of the town and the business houses. Particulars of this, Edenburg's third terrible conflagration, are as follows: The alarm was sounded at 9 o'clock last night, occasioned by flames issuing from the windows of the United States Hotel, an unoccupied building on the corner of the E. and C. Railroad track and Railroad street. The fire was without doubt the work of an incendiary. The populace of the town were at the time "taking in" a circus performance and were ignorant of the fate of the town for many valuable minutes. This the circus people are responsible for, as they tried to quiet the excitement by announcing the alarm to be false. It was not long, however, until the light from the scene shone through the canvas and a stampede ensued.

The excited audience did not stand on ceremony, but went out, under, through and over the canvas. By this time three buildings were wrapped in flames, and before a drop of water was thrown or a building razed some twenty buildings on Railroad street were making a magnificent display. From Railroad to Main street the flames rolled on and wrapped in heated folds everything of an inflammable nature that stood in their way. From Main street to Penn avenue and down the latter thoroughfare to the railroad it swept, and it swept cleaner than a new broom.

To make this terrible story short, seventy buildings went down. The unfortunate people were now standing around gazing at their destroyed homes. The time consumed was two hours and a half and the total loss at a low estimate is \$200,000. Among the principle business houses destroyed were the Post Office, Clarion County Bank, Hamm's dry goods store, Jarvis' hardware store, Brown's block, the telegraph office, Oil Exchange, United Pipe Line office, four hotels and many other places of business. The entire business portion of the town is in charred ruins and it is the work of an incendiary who, if caught will stretch hemp. Considerable thieving was indulged in. There is no insurance, owing to the companies refusing to take risks since the previous fire, which cleaned out the town as effectually as that of last night. Over one hundred families are homeless, many of whom slept on the green sward with the sky as their only covering last night. Train-loads of provisions have been donated by the generous people in the adjoining towns which are now being conveyed to the

THE READING.

THE TWO GREAT COMPANIES SUSPENDED. PHILADELPHIA, May 22.—The Reading Railroad Company and the Coal and Iron Company of the same name, which was its own creation, suspended payments yesterday after five years' shifting financing. Not content with the profits arising from transporting the product of the most extensive coal region of the country, its management sought to monopolize mining as well. Borrowing right and left to pay for their purchases of collieries, they were compelled to resort to scrip issues to pay the current liabilities of the road at first and afterwards to pay interest on their other debentures. These being receivable for freight so certain the current receipts that, combined with the loss which accrued from their mining operations, the company was unable to meet its engagements. Its credit for call loans being good in the city banks temporary shift was made by borrowing from one to pay the other. For years past its reports have not given any intelligible idea of its condition. Having paid no dividends for years, among prudent investors it has long been a question whether any but its first mortgage bonds had any real value. Although the stock boom of last fall carried it upward, it receded with the retiring wave and has experienced no sustained check in its downward course since the announcement of its suspension created something very much like a panic in the Stock Exchange, which was prepared to hear better accounts from Mr. Gowen's recent visit to New York in search of further loans. The city banks all claim to be amply secured, although the failure was precipitated by the action of the Clearing House in marking for protest checks to the amount of \$200,000 which President Gowen had drawn against a credit balance.

Killed With A Stone.

THREE BOYS ON TRIAL FOR MURDER AT NEWTON, NEW JERSEY.

NEWTON, N. J., May 24.

Considerable excitement has prevailed here to-day over the Washer murder trial, which was begun. The first witnesses sworn in behalf of the State were William Coursen and David Washer, the latter a relative of the murdered man. The entire morning session was devoted to empanelling the jury, which was selected after thirty-two jurors had been challenged. Kane, Campbell and Clark, the defendants, looked in good spirits. Coursen, the first witness called, testified that he was with Melancthon Washer when he was murdered, but could not swear which of the boys struck the blow. He saw the fight between David Washer and Kane and heard "Mickey" call for help. He saw Campbell, Kane and Clark together shortly afterwards. We were all with Amanda Snover, a rather disreputable character. David Washer corroborated Coursen's statements and said that he saw Campbell strike Melancthon on the head. He could not say what weapon was used, but thought it was a stone. There was a wound about an inch in circumference. Amanda Snover, the last witness put on the stand this afternoon, stated that she was with Coursen and the two Washers and saw Campbell strike Melancthon. The examination of Miss Snover will be continued to-morrow morning.

A Babe Without a Head.

ERIE, May 23.—A babe was born in this city yesterday without a head, but otherwise fully developed. It weighs about seven pounds and is considered a splendid pathological specimen. There is an excrescence protruding from the top of the trunk between the shoulders where the neck ought to be, which was two large eyes a nose and mouth with bare lip. There is no occipital or parietal bones no brain. In a sitting posture the child resembles a huge frog.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the partnership existing under the name of Zimmerman, Bean & Co., at PAWLING'S is by mutual consent dissolved on this first day of May, 1880. All persons owing said firm are requested to come and pay, and those having claims against them for settlement to Joshua Zimmerman. The books will be at Pawling's with Henry and Benjamin F. Bean for a short time for the adjustment of all accounts. ZIMMERMAN, BEAN & CO.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To Farmers!! GEO. YOST, COLLEGEVILLE, PA., Agent for the

JOHNSTON Mower & Reaper, Also Mower and Reaper combined. This machine took the highest medal at the Paris Exposition and the highest honors at the Centennial Philadelphia. It is an excellent machine. Parties wishing to purchase should call and examine them.

Horse Rakes!!

Of different makes, THRESHING MACHINES, and all kinds of Agricultural Implements.

E. K. Weldner, CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER, Limerick Square, Montgomery, Co., Pa.

JUMP SEATS, PHAETONS, PIANO BOX

and other styles always on hand to be disposed of at low figures and the best possible terms. New Carriages, Wagons, &c., of every and any grade or character, made to order. Painting, Trimming and Repairing a specialty. Terms very reasonable. ap22-2m.

FREELAND G. HOBSON,

Attorney-at-Law, 311 Swede Street, NORRISTOWN, PA.

Can be seen every evening at his residence in Freeland. jan18-1yr

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of SARAH COLEHOWER, late of Upper Providence, Montgomery county, deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration upon the above Estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay in proper order for settlement to EDWIN P. COLEHOWER, Executor. PETER H. COLEHOWER, Executors. ap15-6t.

New Proprietor AT THE OLD MILL.

The undersigned begs leave to state to the citizens of Collegeville and vicinity, and public in general, that he has taken charge of the old

"WORRAL MILL"

and is now prepared to do all kind of custom work. Special attention given to the manufacture of Wheat Flour. Give me a call and I will guarantee satisfaction. Choice Family Flour always on hand. All kinds of Feed.

S. T. S. WAGNER, Collegeville, Montgomery Co., Pa.

J. W. Royer, M. D., Practising Physician, TRAPPE, PA. Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall. ap8-'80-1yr.

MISS R. M. FARROW

Would inform the Public generally that she will open at COLLEGEVILLE, on the 1st of April, a

Millinery, Dress-Making and Fancy Goods Establishment.

Where she will be pleased to wait on all wanting Work or Goods in her line. All orders promptly executed. Workmanship perfect and prices moderate. Paper patterns of latest styles kept for sale. Patronage Solicited. mar18-4t.

New Tobacco Store AT ROYERSFORD, Pa.

The undersigned would announce to the public that he has opened a Tobacco Store at Royersford, nearly opposite the toll house. A large stock of all kinds of

CIGARS, TOBACCOS AND SMOKING MATERIAL

Always on hand. Also a large stock of NOTIONS. Give him a call. JACOB BEAN. ap8 3m.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE NEW BOOK, FARMING FOR PROFIT

TELLS HOW TO Cultivate all the Farm Crops in the Best Manner. Breed, Feed and Care for Stock. Grow Fruit. Manage Farm Business. Make Money on the Farm. Every Farmer should have a copy. 800 Pages. 10 Illustrations. Send for circulars to J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED. PAYING EMPLOYMENT

For Young Men, Ladies, Teachers, and others in every county. Send for circulars and terms to F. W. ZIGLER & CO., 1000 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED

By an old established House, some honest, intelligent Men to Canvass in the country and villages on commission. An

EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY. Something unheard of before, so far as we know. A good chance for teachers, young men, farmers and mechanics. Sons to get into a light, agreeable, profitable business, with no risks and with room for advancement. Answer soon, stating age, former occupation and references. Address: P. O. Box 32, Hillandale, Pa.

AGENTS (Send for Circular and proof of \$150 a month made selling our New Book, "Farming for Profit," in prose and poetry by 300 best authors. Elegantly Illustrated. Prices every body. \$2.75; also 3,000 Curiosities of the Bible, \$1.75. A single Canvasser has actually sold over 7,000 Copies. Moody's Authorized Sermons. \$2.00. Mailed on receipt of price.

E. B. TRUITT, PUBLISHER, may18-1m. No. 805 Broadway, New York.

MASON AND HAMLIN ORGANS. Rent paid two-and-a-quarter years buys one. Best Cabinet or Parlor Organs in the world. winners of high first distinction at every world's fair for thirteen years. Prices \$31, \$57, \$86, \$141, \$108, to \$500 and upwards. Also for easy payments, \$5 a month or \$6.38 a quarter and upward. Catalogue free. MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., 161 Tremont St., Boston; 46 East 14th St. (Union Square) New York; 259 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. may18 1m.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. TRADE MARK. The Great TRADE MARK. English Remedy, an unfailing cure for all nervous weakness, spermatorrhea, impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequel.

BEFORE TAKING. Success of Self-After TAKING. Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or Consumption, and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to everyone. The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at \$1 per package or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing: Mechanics' Block, DETROIT, MICH. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. may18 '80-1yr

SPRING OPENING

At Beaver and Shellenberger's Trappe, Pa.

Dry Goods, Notions, Ribbons, Laces, Silk and Grass Fringes, Table Linens, Napkins and Towels. Our Cloths and Cassimeres for men and boys were bought before the advance, and will sell at the old prices.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Chocolate, Soaps, Lard, Cheese, Salt, Starch, Syrups, Dried Fruits, &c., &c. Pure Spices. Tubs, Buckets, Brooms, wall brushes, washing soda, Soda ash and ball potash.

OILS, OILS. Head Light, Coal Oil, Lubricating, Neats Foot and Linseed Oil. Agents for the Best RUBBER PAINT. Glass and Queensware.

Chamber Sets, Tea Sets, glass sets, tumblers, goblets. Lamps in variety.

HARDWARE: A full stock always on hand. Rakes, Hoes, Shovels, spades, forks, etc., etc.

GO TO SEE

H. WETZEL,

Norristown, Pa.

He has made Great Improvements. He has the Largest Clothing Store in Montgomery County. Two Three Story Brick Building

Packed from Cellar to Dome with the largest Assortment of Ready Made Clothing for men, youths and boys, at

the Lowest Prices. Suits made to order at short notice. Fit

and full satisfaction guaranteed. All kinds of Gents Furnish-

ing Goods.

66 & 68 Main Street Opposite Music Hall.

THE BEST WAY TO CREATE

EXCITEMENT IN BUSINESS

Is, first to buy the right kind of stock at the lowest cash prices, and second to sell at such figures as will benefit the purchaser both as to price and quality. And this is just the way that

F. B. RUSHONG does business.

His large and varied stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

For all kinds of wear has been judiciously selected, and will be disposed of at very reasonable prices. A full assortment of all the LATEST STYLES, for men, women and children. We will give satisfaction, and cordially invite an inspection of our goods and prices.

F. B. RUSHONG, Trappe, Pa.

1880. 1880.

A Special Invitation to visit the Store at Upper Providence Square. During 1880 we propose to sell all kinds of Store Goods at very low prices. We want to make "Quick Sales and Small Profits, and sell reliable goods.

By keeping a full line of goods and selling at bottom figures we intend to push business and cordially invite an inspection of our stock of

DRY GOODS, CROCERIES,

And Fresh Pure

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,—Of the Cheapest and best quality. HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

Family Flour!—of the best quality.

HARNESSMAKING: I will continue, as heretofore, Harness Making in all its branches. Work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Constantly on hand ready made Harness, Collars, Robes, Blankets, Carriage Whips, and General Horse Goods. Very Thankful for past favors, I cordially solicit continued patronage. Jos. G. Getwals, P. O. Address, Phoenixville, Penna.

Miscellany.

Chin food—Sausages.

Never hit a moustache when it's down.

High time—That kept by a town clock.

'Dissolution,' a return to your original constituents.

The wasp thinks it smart to stand on his hind legs,

The inventor of the telephone is enveloped in a halo of glory,

It doesn't tire a man to put down a carpet so much as it tires him.

A remark that always provokes a 'smile'—'what will you take.'

The gate money at the walking match will properly be divided according to the gate maintained.

It is a wise fly that knows the difference between oleomargarine and butter.

Can a retired baggage-master be properly referred to as the company's exchequer?

A man with a heart can never refuse the kiss of a child. And a man without a heart never gets a chance to refuse.

Statesmen are not afraid of counterfeited money. Some of them think they can pass bad bills.

The man who stepped on an hour glass thought for a minute that he was making foot-prints on the sands of time.

The poor woman who thought she could make a cotton dress wear as long as a woolen one, was worsted in the attempt.

'Honesty is the best policy,' but as the world wags nowadays, it is no small matter to earn money enough to pay the premium.

Never jibe a boom without ducking your head. This is important advice now there are so many booms coursing over the political sea.

For some time rumors have been circulated that Bismarck intends to resign, but he says he has no intention of doing it.

Judge Key, the Postmaster General, has been nominated by the President, to the vacant Federal Judgeship in Tennessee.

Now the Russian bear is growling at China, and the Chinese are showing unusual activity in their preparations for repelling invasion.

The government of Cashmere, is said to be in very bad condition, and the new Viceroy of India will no doubt be called on to reform it.

Illinois farm produces amounted to \$200,000,000 last year; which is double the product of all the gold and silver mines in the United States.

The population of Germany increases faster than the production of grain. Germany annually imports from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels of grain.

Four patents were issued to Thomas A. Edison, on Tuesday of last week, one for an safety conductor for electric lights, and three for as many patterns of such lights.

The State Department is advised that the Turkish Government has abolished several of the foreign missions, among them that to Washington. Want of money is the cause.

Ann Eliza Arnold committed suicide by hanging herself to her bedpost, near Corry, Pa., Saturday last. Her brother hanged himself in the same room several years ago.

In the northwestern part of the State the noble potato bug is re-

J. H. Hamer, M. D.

Homeopathic Physician,

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

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